

Past Tense

by Ninamazing

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-05-05 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:11:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 988

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Stupid title. Probably the saddest fic I have ever written...some of you know where I really got the "inspiration" for this one.

Past Tense

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> harrypotter20.html **Author's Note: Short and sweet. Song's by me. Not really written about Ron, but that's all I'm gonna say.**

* * *

--

My darling I believe you missed out on a lot

>When you decided to kill your love I heard the shot_

>The bullet grazed me but it didn't go through_

>I'll never be hurt again by you_

How could he _do_ this to me?? I'd loved him, and _this_ is how he repays me? Does he think it was easy, telling him I'd loved him from the day I saw him; does he think it was easy to listen to the taunts ringing in my ears about him just because I helped him with his Charms homework one day??

> It got worse, Mr. Hotshot Weasley. It got worse. Soon I was crying every night, muffling it in my pillow so all the insensitive girls who hated me for my grades wouldn't hear me. Yes, Ron. You heard me right. Hated me. Hated me for my grades, hated me for being the "teacher's pet" all the time, and then what better excuse to hate me still more than, "Ron Weasley likes her. Can you imagine? Liking Horrid Hermione!"

> I thought we were so perfect

together. Harry told me once that we were a really sweet couple, and he was glad to see us not fighting for once. Where did we go wrong, Ron? Where did we go wrong?

I used to love the way you talked so smart
>Who ever was to know you'd break my heart_
>I used to love the times we laughed together_
>I always thought we'd be forever_

I just can't believe my own eyes. Is that "my" Ron, the one I used to talk to all the time, about anything? Is that the guy I confided in, the guy I trusted, the guy I respected? Where is the Ron I knew and loved? Why has the devil come in and driven him away?
> My head is full of questions, and every time I answer one I ask another. If you talked to me a week ago I'd have been cool, confident in myself. Knowing that Ron liked me made me fuller, added the finishing touch, the shine to me somehow. I knew I was smart, knew I was pretty, knew someone loved me for who I really was. I loved that feeling. I loved the way we talked. I loved the way he did things, every day, like when I would glance at him in class and he'd just give me one lovely, beautiful smile that kept me looking at him for the rest of the day, hoping I'd get that smile again. Just one more time.
> It's over now, all over, and I'm beyond crying. Last night I cried, sobbed, weeped for what could have been. I thought it was my fault. I thought it was all my fault, and that I could make it better. I was a fool.

Dearest I never called you any of that
>I worshipped you, right where you sat_
>I defended you, and hoped for you_
>In some stupid way I thought you were true__ _

Make it better. Make it better. Ha. It's over. I ended it. It's my fault, again. Again again again, the conversation keeps playing over and over in my head. Again and again and again...
> "Does this mean you hate me, then? All this about how I'm mean..."
> "Ron, I never hated you. Never. Why do you -"
> "Damn. I wish you would just go away, know-it-all."
> "Fine. I will go away. I'll go away and never come back."
> "Thank goodness."

I used to love every inch of your heart and soul
>I had a love I could never control_
>For you, I would have done anything_
>Because of you, I used to dance and sing_
>It's not my fault if you were

too stupid to see_
>That I was in love with you,
and you me_
>I can't be responsible for
your mistakes_
>I can't deal with anything
but heartaches_

It feels like the clock of life has stopped. Everything is at a
standstill, nothing Harry, or Ginny, or anybody can say will help.
Maybe it'll make me feel better temporarily, but I can't get rid of
this pain. I feel like I'm bleeding inside, like there's a scar over
my heart. Maybe it'll be there forever. Maybe every time I try to
love again the scar will ache, and I'll never be able to be in love
ever again, never be happy.

> Happy? Love doesn't make you
happy. Love doesn't make me happy. Love crushes me down, pushes me
far down until I believe there is nothing left. Love slices me
cleanly in two. Love leaves me incredibly confused and horribly sad.
Love tells me there's something wrong, something wrong with my life.
Love is there, always there. Love is what's wrong. Love is there,
like an insect.

Look at the hotshot go
>Watch his perfection from
head to toe_
>Isn't he lovely and great and
kind_
>Doesn't he have the sickest
mind_

End
file.